



MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Sunday, April 8, 2007, at 5 PM
GREENFIELD HALL

Megan Marie Hart, *Soprano*
Kyung-A Yoo, *Piano*

PROGRAM

FRANCIS POULENC
(1899-1963)

Fiançailles pour rire

La dame d'André
Dans l'herbe
Il vole
Mon cadavre est doux
Violon
Fleurs

ALBAN BERG
(1885-1935)

Sieben frühe Lieder

Nacht
Schilflied
Die Nachtigall
Traumgekrönt
Im Zimmer
Liebesode
Sommertage

INTERMISSION

JOSEPH MARX
(1882-1964)

Nocturne

Selige Nacht

Hat dich die Liebe berührt

LIBBY LARSEN
(b. 1950)

Try Me, Good King: Last Words of the Wives of Henry VIII

Katherine of Aragon
Anne Boleyn
Jane Seymour
Anne of Cleves
Katherine Howard

Megan Marie Hart, a student of Mignon Dunn, is a candidate for the professional studies certificate.

This recital was coached by Gait Sirgucy.

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Francis Poulenc

1) Andre's Lady (Vilmorin)

Andre does not know the lady
That he takes today by the hand.
Has she a heart for days to come,
And for the evenings has she a soul?
Returning from a country dance,
Did she go in a loose fitting dress
To search in the haystacks
For luck's engagement ring?
Was she frightened at nightfall,
Spied on by yesterday's shadows
In his garden, when winter
Came in through the broad avenue?
It loved her for her color,
For her Sunday good humor.
Will she turn pale as the white leaves
Of its album in better weather?

2) In the Grass (Vilmorin)

I can say nothing more
Nor do anything for him.
He died of his beloved death,
Outside under the tree of Law
In complete silence, in the middle
Of the countryside, in the grass.
He died unnoticed, crying as he went,
Calling, calling me,
But as I was far from him
And his voice did not carry further,
He died alone in the wood
Under his childhood tree.
And I can say nothing more
Nor do anything for him.

3) He has Flown (Vilmorin)

The setting sun reflects
On my polished table top:
It is the round cheese from the fable
On the tip of my bright red scissors.
But where is the crow? He has flown.
I want to sew, but a lover
Attracts all my needles.
On the square the skittle players
Pass the time from match to match.
But where is my love? He has flown.
My love is a thief,
The crow flies and my love flies,
The thief of hearts
Does not keep his word,
And the thief of cheeses is not here.

But where is happiness? It has flown.
I weep under the weeping willow,
I mingle my tears with its leaves,
I weep because I want
Someone to want me,
And I do not please my thief.
But where is love? It has flown.
Find the rhyme to my lack of reason,
By country roads bring back
My inconstant lover, who captures hearts
And destroys reason.
I want my thief to steal me.

4) My Corpse is Soft (Vilmorin)

My corpse is soft as a glove,
Soft as a glove made of icy skin.
And my pupils obliterated
Transform my eyes into white stones.
Two white stones in my face,
In the silence two mutes,
Shadowed still by a secret
And heavy with the dead
Weight of images.
My fingers, so many times distraught,
Are joined in a holy gesture,
Placed on the hollow of my laments,
On the node of my stopped heart.
And my two feet are mountains,
The last two mounts I saw
At the minute when I lost
The race won by years.
My memory is true to life,
Children take it away quickly,
Go, go, my life is done.
My corpse is as soft as a glove.

5) Violon (Vilmorin)

Pair of lovers with familiar accents,
The violin and its player please me.
I love the groans stretched out
On the string of malaise.
Hearing the chords
On the strings of the hanged,
At the hour when the Laws fall silent.
The heart, shaped like a strawberry,
Offers itself to love
Like an unknown fruit.

6) Flowers (Vilmorin)

Promised flowers,
Flowers held in your arms,
Flowers plucked from
The parenthesis of a footprint.
Who brought you the flowers in winter,
Sprinkled with the sand of seas?
Sand of your kisses,
Flowers of loves faded,
Beautiful eyes made of ash,
And in the hearth a heart,
Beridden with laments,
Burns with its saintly images.
Promised flowers,
Flowers held in your arms,
Who brought you the flowers in winter,
Sprinkled with the sand of seas?

Alban Berg

1) Night (Hauptmann)

The clouds grow dim over
The night and valley;
The mists float above,
The water rushing gently.
Now all at once they unveil themselves:
O beware! Beware!
A broad wonderland has opened.
Silver mountains rise up,
Fantastically huge,
Still paths lit with silver
From the hidden lap of the valley;
And the noble world is so dreamily pure.
A mute beech stands by the path,
Black with shadows;
A breeze from a distant grove
Wafts gently by.
And from the deep darkness
Of the valley blink lights
In the silent night.
Drink, soul!
Drink, solitude!
O beware! Beware!

2) Reed Song (Lenau)

Along a secret forest path
I like to creep in the evening light,
To the desolate, reedy banks,
And think, maiden, of you!
As the bushes grow dark
The reeds hiss mysteriously
And lament and whisper,

That I must weep and weep.
And I think I hear wafting
The gentle sound of your voice,
And down into the pond sinks
Your lovely song.

3) The Nightingale (Storm)

It happened because the nightingale
Sang the whole night long;
From her sweet call,
From the echo and re-echo,
Roses have sprung.
She was but recently a wild blossom,
And now she walks deep in thought,
She carries her summer hat in her hand,
Enduring quietly the heat of the sun,
And knows not what to begin.
It happened because the nightingale
Sang the whole night long;
From her sweet call,
From the echo and re-echo,
Roses have sprung.

4) A Crown of Dreams (Rilke)

That was the day
Of the white chrysanthemums,
I almost trembled for their glory...
And then, then you came
To take my soul deep in the night.
I was so afraid, and you came
So lovingly and quietly,
I had just thought of you in a dream.
You came, and soft as a fairy tale
Resounded the night.

5) Indoors (Schlaf)

Autumn sunlight.
The lovely evening gazes so quietly in.
A little red fire crackles
In the stove and flares up. Thus!
My head upon your knee,
I am contented.
When my eyes rest in yours,
How gently do the minutes pass!

6) Lovers' Ode (Hartleben)

In the arms of love
We fell blessedly asleep;
At the open window
Rustled the summer wind,
And our placid breaths were freed

Out into the bright, moonlit night.
And from the garden,
Timidly approached such
A rosy fragrance to our lovers' bed,
And gave us wonderful dreams.
Dreams of ecstasy,
So rich in longing.

7) Summer Days (Hohenberg)

Now draw the days through the world,
Sent forth from blue eternity;
In the summer wind time dissipates.
Now by night the Lord weaves
Star crowns, with blessed hands,
Above wandering wonderland.
O heart, what can in these days
Your brightest wanderer's song then say
About your deep, deep desire:
In meadowsong the breast falls silent;
Now silenced are words,
And image upon image flies to you,
And entirely fills you.

Joseph Marx

1) Nocturne (Hartleben)

Sweet smell of Linden blooms
On a quelling June night.
A bliss, from my inmost heart,
Has awakened my senses.
As if resounding before my ears,
Softly the song of joy
Echoes what's long been lost,
My youth quietly returns.
Sweet smell of Linden blooms
On a quelling June night.
A bliss, from my inmost heart,
Has awakened my pain.

2) Blessed Night (Hartleben)

In the arms of love
We fell blessedly asleep;
At the open window
Rustled the summer wind,
And our placid breaths were freed
Out into the bright, moonlit night.
And from the garden,
Timidly approached such
A rosy fragrance to our lovers' bed,
And gave us wonderful dreams.
Dreams of ecstasy,
So rich in longing.

3) When Love has Touched You (Heyse)

When Love has touched you,
Quietly among the noisy crowds you go
In golden clouds, safely guided by God.
As if lost, you let your gaze wander,
Granting its joy to everyone,
Yet bearing only one desire.
Shyly enraptured in yourself,
You wish to deny in vain,
That now the Crown of Life
Radiantly adorns your brow.

Libby Larsen

1) Katherine of Aragon (1485-1536)

My most dear Lord, King, and Husband,
The hour of my death now drawing on,
The tender love I owe you forces me
To commend myself unto you,
And to put you in remembrance
Of the health and welfare of your soul.
You have cast me into many calamities,
And yourself into many troubles.
For my part, I pardon you everything,
And I wish to devoutly pray God
That he will pardon you also.
For the rest, I commend unto you
Our daughter, Mary, beseeching you
To be a good father unto her.
Lastly, I make this vow,
That my eyes desire you above all things.

2) Anne Boleyn (1502-1536)

Try me, good King.
And let me have a lawful trial,
And let not my enemies sit
As my accusers and judges.
Let me receive an open trial,
For my truth shall fear no shame.
Never a prince had a wife more loyal
In all duty, in all true affection,
Than you have ever found in Anne Bolen.
You have chosen me from low estate
To be your wife and companion.
Do you remember the words
Of your own hand?
"My own darling,
I would you were in my arms,
For I think it long since I kissed you.
My mistress and friend."
Try me, good King.
If ever I have found favor in your sight-

If ever the name of Anne Bulen
Has been pleasing to your ears-
The let me obtain this request, and my
innocence shall be known and cleared.
Good Christian People,
I come hither to die.
And by the law I am judged to die.
I pray God save the King.
I hear the executioner's good,
And my neck is so little.

3) Jane Seymour (1506-1537)

Right trusty and Well-beloved,
We greet you well, for as much as be
The inestimable goodness of God,
We be delivered of a prince.
"I love the rose both red and white,
To hear of them is my delight!
Joyed may we be,
Our prince to see,
And roses three."

4) Anne of Cleves (1515-1557)

I have been informed by certain lords
Of the doubts and questions
Which have been found in our marriage.
It may please your majesty to know that,
Though this case be most hard
And sorrowful, I have and do accept
The clergy for my judges.
So now, the clergy hath given
Their sentence, I approve.
I neither can nor will repute myself
For your grace's wife.
Yet it will please your highness
To take me for your sister,
For which I most humbly thank you.
Your majesty's most humble sister,
Anne, daughter of Cleves.

5) Katherine Howard (1521-1542)

God have mercy on my soul.
Good people, I beg you pray for me.
By the journey upon which I am bound,
Brothers, I have not wronged the King.
But it is true that long before
The King took me,
I loved Thomas Culpeper.
I wish to God I had done
As Culpeper wished me,
For at the time the King wanted me,

Culpeper urged me to say
That I was pledged to him.
If I had done as he wished me
I should not die this death,
Nor would he.
God have mercy on my soul.
Good people, I beg you pray for me.
I die a Queen,
But I would rather die
The wife of Culpeper.

***Katherine Parr (1512-1548)**

Outlived Henry, and married Jane Seymour's
brother, Thomas Seymour.
She died in childbirth.

